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HYMNS

BY

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

LATE SCHOLAR OF BALLIOL AND FELLOW OF
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Ἄλλοι μὲν ἢ μακρὰν γὰρ ἀπέχουσιν θεοὶ,
ἢ οὐκ ἐχουσιν ὦτα,
ἢ οὐκ εἰσίν, ἢ οὐ προσέχουσιν ἡμῖν οὐδὲ ἓν·
Σὲ δὲ παρόνθ' ὁρῶμεν,
οὐ ξύλινον, οὐδὲ λίθινον, ἀλλ' ἀληθινόν.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED

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1868.

Requests having been made to the Writer, to allow some of these hymns to be reprinted in collections, he now publishes them together for the convenience of those who may care to take them.

Should this occur, he would ask for a strict adherence to the following text: and he would consider it a favour if notice were given to him of the pieces selected.

April: 1867

Cambridge: Printed by John Wilson and Son.

AMICO

DE ECCLESIA CHRISTI

APUD ANGLOS

OPTIME MERITO

LIBELLUM HUNC

D. D. D.

F. T. PALGRAVE

COLL: BALL: OLIM SCHOL.

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CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR

Σὺν Χριστῷ—πολλῷ μᾶλλον κρεῖσσον.

Hope of those that have none other,
Left for life by father, mother,
All their dearest lost or taken,
Only not by thee forsaken;
Comfort thou the sad and lonely,
Saviour dear, for thou canst only.

When the glooms of night are o'er us,
Satan in his strength before us;
When despair and doubt and terror
Drag the blinded heart to error;
Comfort thou the poor and lonely,
Saviour dear, for thou canst only.

By thy days of earthly trial,
By thy friend's foreknown denial,
By thy cross of bitter anguish,
Leave not thou thy lambs to languish:
Comforting the weak and lonely,
Lead them in thy pastures only.

Sick with hope deferr'd, or yearning
For the never-now-returning,
When the glooms of grief o'ershade us,
Thou hast known, and thou wilt aid us!
To thine own heart take the lonely,
Leaning on thee only, only.

THE DAYSTAR

ἀώϊον ἀεροφοίταν
Ἀστέρα μείναμεν Ἀελίου λευκοπτέρυγα πρόδρομον—

Star of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn thine ear;
Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

Saviour pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with thy sign,
Take our hands in thine,
Take our hands and come,
Lead thy children home!

Star of morn and even
Shine on us from Heaven;
From thy glory-throne
Hear thy very own!
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home!

MORNING HYMN

Lord God of morning and of night,
We thank thee for thy gift of light:
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find thee now more nigh.

Fresh hopes have waken'd in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore
A thousand-fold to serve thee more.

Yet whilst thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lord of lights! 'tis thou alone
Canst make our darken'd hearts thine own:
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great Dawn of God! we cry for thee!

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song his name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.

EVENING HYMN

O Light of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down thine ear:
Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but thee.

Oft from thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart:
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God and find him not.

What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!
What dawning risen upon the night!
Thou giv'st thyself to us, and we
Find Guide and Path and all in thee.

Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us more nearly near;
Till on thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song his name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.

MORNING HYMN

High in heaven the sun
  Shines his worship to thee:
The bird in the brightness
  Sings his hymn from the tree:

Thou art praised on the earth,
  Thou art praised in the sky;
Last comes thine own creature
  To praise the Most High.

For the sleep, for the waking,
  For the rest of my bed;
For in thine arms I slept,
  By thy touch awakenéd.

As thou wert in the night,
  Be with me by day:
Morning, noon, evening;
  All my life, and alway.

Go thou beside me
  Wherever I go:
Whatever thou willest,
  Make that I wish it so:

That in thought of thee
  All I do may be done:
As all great in thy sight,
  All small in my own.

When to-day brings its trial
  Be thy voice mine aid:
Say, 'It is I;
  Be not afraid.

'The night is mine,
  And mine is the day,
Morning, noon, evening,
  All thy life, and alway.'

EVENING HYMN

The day is over,
  The darkness is come:
I thank thee, O Lord,
  For the peace of home.

This night and ever
  Keep my feet in thy way:
Feet slow to follow thee,
  Feet quick to stray.

Oft wandering from thee,
  At thy guidance I chafe;
Hold thou me up,
  I shall be safe.

Sad shades of old sin
  Dog my steps as I go:
What was done in the darkness,
  In the daylight I know.

With the voice of the sea
  Sin allures to the brink;
Stretch out thine hand,
  Let me not sink.

Whom have I
  In heaven but thee?
And on earth there is none
  Set beside thee may be.

Life soon is over,
  And death will come:
Lord, linger not
  In thy heaven-home:

As God, come in power
  To judge us and bless:
As man with man once more,
  Come in thy tenderness.

THROUGH AND THROUGH

Infelix, quis me liberabit?

We name thy name, O God,
  As our God call on thee,
Though the dark heart meantime
  Far from thy ways may be.

And we can own thy law,
  And we can sing thy songs,
While the sad inner soul
  To sin and shame belongs.

On us thy love may glow,
  As the pure midday fire
On some foul spot look down;
  And yet the mire be mire.

Then spare us not thy fires,
  The searching light and pain;
Burn out our sin; and, last,
  With thy love heal again.

LOST AND FOUND

Though we long, in sin-wrought blindness,
From thy gracious paths have stray'd,
Cold to thee and to thy kindness,
Wilful, reckless, or afraid;
Through dim clouds that gather round us
Thou hast sought, and thou hast found us.

Oft from thee we veil our faces
Children-like to cheat thine eyes;
Sin, and hope to hide the traces;
From ourselves ourselves disguise:
'Neath the webs we've woven round us
Thy soul-piercing glance has found us.

Sudden, midst our idle chorus,
  O'er our sin thy thunders roll;
Death his signal waves before us,
  Night and terror take the soul:
Till through double darkness round us
Looks a star,—and Thou hast found us.

O most merciful, most holy,
  Light thy wanderers on their way;
Keep us ever thine, thine wholly,
  Suffer us no more to stray!
Cloud and storm oft gather round us:
We were lost,—but thou hast found us.

A LITANY

Κύριε ἐλέησον·
Χριστὲ ἐλέησον.

O Lord God eternal,
The First and the Last,
We are fallen before thee
As sinners downcast:
Not in anger deal with us;
Lighten the rod;
Once more, once more, say
'I am your God:'
  Turn thy face toward us;
Put up the sword:
Have mercy upon us,
Have mercy, O Lord!

In the blindness of youth,
In sickness and health,
In the time of trial,
In the trial of wealth;

As we creep and dwindle
In age away,
In the hour of death,
In the judgment-day;
  Turn thy face toward us;
Put up the sword:
Have mercy upon us,
Have mercy, O Lord!

When the lust of wealth
Makes its own self all;
When the pride of strength
Tramples down the small;
When the world's outcasts
Sit and hide the head;
When the barefoot children
Cry out for bread;
  Turn not thy face from us;
Draw not the sword:
Have mercy upon us,
Have mercy, O Lord!

When the tempter comes
With gold and smiles,

When the flesh is master,
And thought defiles;
When faith grows faint
Through pride or fear,
—O thou that knowest
Spare us, O spare!
  Turn thy face toward us;
Put up the sword:
Have mercy upon us,
Have mercy, O Lord!

By thy manhood on earth,
By thy death and life,
By the mountain-peace
And the midnight-strife;
By the scourge and cross
And all that pain;
By thy golden throne
Set with God to reign;
  Turn thy face toward us;
Put up the sword:
Have mercy upon us,
Have mercy, O Lord!

AD ALTARE

Tanquam nihil habentes, et omnia possidentes—

Once man with man, now God with God above us,
Loving us here, and after death to love us:
Enough is this for us, O Saviour dear,
When to thine altar our faint feet draw near.

'Come unto me all that are heavy laden,
I will refresh you; mine is love unfading:'
It is enough; we ask not where thou art,
Present in space, or in the faithful heart.

—So long since thou wast here, that to our seeming
Thou art like some fair vision seen in dreaming:
With glare and glow and turmoil, sigh and shout,
The world rolls on, and seems to bar thee out.

To reason'd doubt we yield ourselves resign'dly;
Yet in our path oft feel thy presence blindly;
Life darkens into storm; joys change and flee;
Once more we wake, and find ourselves with thee.

Behind the midday sky the stars are shining;
O shine out on us in our sun's declining:
With loved ones lost, and loved ones yet to quit,
Were this life all, we could not bear with it!

—Once man with man, now God with God above us,
Who lov'st us here, and after death wilt love us;
When to thine altar our faint feet draw near,
It is enough for us if thou art here.

THE CITY OF GOD

Ἰδοὺ γὰρ, ἡ βασιλεία τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐντὸς ὑμῶν ἐστί.

O thou not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor wall'd with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem
God's own Jerusalem!

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God! thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up;
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
When in his steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God! thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-wall'd afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In his name gather'd are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem!

THE GARDEN OF GOD

Τοῖσι λάμπει μὲν μένος ἀελίου τὰν ἐνθάδε νύκτα κάτω,
φοινικορόδοις δ' ἐνὶ λειμώνεσσι προάστιον αὐτῶν
καὶ λιβάνῳ σκιαρᾷ καὶ χρυσέοις καρποῖς βέβριθεν.

Christ in his heavenly garden walks all day,
And calls to souls upon the world's highway;
Wearied with trifles, maim'd and sick with sin,
Christ by the gate stands, and invites them in.

—'How long, unwise, will ye pursue your woe?
Here from the throne sweet waters ever go:
Here the white lilies shine like stars above:
Here in the red rose burns the face of Love.

''Tis not from earthly paths I bid you flee,
But lighter in my ways your feet will be:
'Tis not to summon you from human mirth,
But add a depth and sweetness not of earth.

'Still by the gate I stand as on ye stray:
Turn your steps hither: am not I the Way?
The sun is falling fast; the night is nigh:
Why will ye wander? Wherefore will ye die?

'Look on my hands and side, for I am He:
None to the Father cometh, but by me:
For you I died; once more I call you home:
I live again for you: my children, come!'

A LITTLE CHILD'S HYMN

FOR NIGHT AND MORNING

Ἄφετε τὰ παιδία ἔρχεσθαι πρός με—

Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Lay thy hands about my head;
Let me feel thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house:.
Now thou art above the sky;
Canst thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me.

EPITAPH ON A LITTLE CHILD

Pure, sweet, and fair, ere thou could'st taste of ill,
God will'd it, and thy baby breath was still.
Now 'mong his lambs thou liv'st thy Saviour's care,
For ever as thou wert pure, sweet, and fair.

THE KING'S MESSENGER

He goes in silence through the crowd;
A veil is o'er his face;
Yet where but once his eyes are turn'd
There is an empty space.
The whispering throngs divide and stir:—
'Tis he! 'tis the King's Messenger!

—We may perforce buy off the thought,
Or stifle or ignore;
The day at last will come on us
When day will come no more:
When on the spaces of the sky
We hardly lift a wearied eye;

When rising death-mists change and blot
Familiar features near;
When we can give nor word nor sign,
Nor what they utter hear;
When mother's tears no more are shed
For little faces round the bed;

When Science folds her hands and sighs,
And cannot bridge the abyss;
And That, which once seem'd life, seems nought
Before the enormous This;
All days, all deeds, all passions past
Shrunk to a pin's point in the vast:—

Then face to face to meet the King
Behind his messenger!
—O could we see that hour go by
Whilst youthful pulses stir,
With all our future to forgive,
We scarce could bear the sight, and live!

—Thou who for us hast suffer'd death,
Remember we are men;
Thou on the right hand of the throne,
Have mercy on us then;
Thou from the King our pardon bear,
And be Thyself his messenger.

THE LOVE OF GOD

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Let him love thee to-day
  Who ne'er loved before;
And he who loves thee,
  To-day love thee more.

Love with mind and heart,
  With body and soul:
Thou gav'st us each part;
  We should give thee the whole.

With cheerfulness love thee
  Age, midlife, and youth;
With faith and purity,
  Courage and truth:

In health and laughter,
  In sickness and woe:—
But O labour and fear,
  To love thee so!

—Lord, thou knowest
  Whereof we are made;
From this burden of love
  We shrink afraid.

Should we love thee so much,
  What were left behind
For this common life,
  For our human kind?

Should we have enough
  For this world and for thee?
—O narrow faith,
  When all is He!

When he loves us first
  From cradle to grave:
—O, love for love
  Is all thou dost crave!

Thou art not quick
  To mark where we stray;
Thy voice will lead us
  In love's own way.

Thou shalt cleanse us
  And we shall be clean:
Thou wilt gather
  Thy whole flock in.

Then let him love to-day
  Who ne'er loved thee before;
And he who loves thee,
  To-day love thee more.

FAITH AND SIGHT

IN THE LATTER DAYS

'I prae: sequar.'

Thou sayst, 'Take up thy cross
  O Man, and follow me:'
The night is black, the feet are slack,
  Yet we would follow thee.

But O, dear Lord, we cry,
  That we thy face could see!
Thy blessed face one moment's space—
  Then might we follow thee!

Dim tracts of time divide
  Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
  How can I follow thee?

Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow thee?

Unchanging law binds all,
And Nature all we see:
Thou art a star, far off, too far,
Too far to follow thee!

—Ah, sense-bound heart and blind!
Is nought but what we see?
Can time undo what once was true;
Can we not follow thee?

Is what we trace of law
The whole of God's decree?
Does our brief span grasp Nature's plan,
And bid not follow thee?

O heavy cross—of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore, thyself restore
And help to follow thee!

If not as once thou cam'st
  In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
  That burns to follow thee.

Within our heart of hearts
  In nearest nearness be:
Set up thy throne within thine own:—
  Go, Lord: we follow thee.

THE REIGN OF LAW

Ἑτέρα μὲν ἡ τῶν ἐπουρανίων δόξα, ἑτέρα δὲ ἡ τῶν ἐπιγείων—

The dawn went up the sky
  Like any other day;
And they had only come
  To mourn Him where he lay.
'We ne'er have seen the law
  Reversed, 'neath which we lie;
Exceptions none are found,
  And when we die, we die.
Resign'd to fact we wander hither;
We ask no more the whence and whither.

'Vain questions! from the first
Put, and no answer found.
He binds us with the chain
Wherewith himself is bound.
From west to east the earth
Unrolls her primal curve;
The sun himself were vex'd
Did she one furlong swerve:
The myriad years have whirl'd her hither,
But tell not of the whence and whither.

'We know but what we see—
Like cause, and like event;
One constant force runs on
Transmuted, but unspent:
Because they are, they are;
The mind may frame a plan,
'Tis from herself she draws
A special thought for man:
The natural choice that brought us hither
Is silent on the whence and whither.

'If God there be, or Gods,
Without our science lies;
We cannot see or touch,
Measure, or analyse.
Life is but what we live,
We know but what we know,
Closed in these bounds alone
Whether God be, or no:
The self-moved force that bore us hither
Reveals no whence, and hints no whither.

'Ah, which is likelier truth,
That law should hold its way,
Or, for this one of all,
Life reassert her sway?
Like any other morn
The sun goes up the sky;
No crisis marks the day,
For when we die, we die.
No fair fond hope allures us hither;
The law is dumb on whence and whither.'

—Then, wherefore are ye come?
Why watch a worn-out corse?
Why weep a ripple past
Down the long stream of force?
If life is that which keeps
Each organism whole,
No atom may be traced
Of what he thought the soul:
It had its term of passage hither,
But knew no whence, and knows no whither.

The forces that were Christ
Have ta'en new forms and fled;
The common sun goes up;
The dead are with the dead.
'Twas but a phantom life
That seem'd to think and will,
Evolving self and God
By some subjective skill;
That had its day of passage hither,
But knew no whence, and knows no whither.

If this be all in all;
Life, but one mode of force;
Law, but the plan which binds
The sequences in course;
All essence, all design
Shut out from mortal ken;
—We bow to Nature's fate,
And drop the style of men!
The summer dust the wind wafts hither
Is not more dead to whence and whither.

—But if our life be life,
And thought, and will, and love
Not vague unconscious air
That o'er wild harp-strings move;
If consciousness be aught
Of all it seems to be,
And souls are something more
Than lights that gleam and flee;
Though dark the road that leads us thither,
The heart must ask its whence and whither.

To matter or to force
The All is not confined;
Beside the law of things
Is set the law of mind;
One speaks in rock and star,
And one within the brain,
In unison at times,
And then apart again;
And both in one have brought us hither
That we may know our whence and whither.

The sequences of law
We learn through mind alone;
'Tis only through the soul
That aught we know is known:—
With equal voice she tells
Of what we touch and see
Within these bounds of life,
And of a life to be;
Proclaiming One who brought us hither,
And holds the keys of whence and whither.

O shrine of God that now
  Must learn itself with awe!
O heart and soul that move
  Beneath a living law!
That which seem'd all the rule
  Of Nature, is but part;
A larger, deeper law
  Claims also soul and heart.
The force that framed and bore us hither
Itself at once is whence and whither.

We may not hope to read
  Or comprehend the whole
Or of the law of things
  Or of the law of soul:
E'en in the eternal stars
  Dim perturbations rise,
And all the searchers' search
  Does not exhaust the skies:
He who has framed and brought us hither
Holds in his hands the whence and whither.

He in his science plans
What no known laws foretell;
The wandering fires and fix'd
Alike are miracle:
The common death of all,
The life renew'd above,
Are both within the scheme
Of that all-circling love;
The seeming chance that cast us hither
Accomplishes his whence and whither.

Then, though the sun go up
His beaten azure way,
God may fulfil his thought
And bless his world to-day;
Beside the law of things
The law of mind enthrone,
And, for the hope of all,
Reveal Himself in One;
Himself the way that leads us thither,
The All-in-all, the Whence and Whither.

MUSIC

The Child's Hymn, *Thou that once*, set to Music, (under the writer's permission), by Mr. James Tilleard, for a Solo Voice, with an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte, is published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co. 1, Berners Street, W.: Price 6*d.*: Folio music size.

The following, set by Mr. Tilleard for our Voices, are published by the same firm, in short score, Royal Octavo size: price 2*d.* each, with an allowance of 20 per cent. to persons taking 100 copies:

Christus Consolator;
The Daystar;
Lord God of morning and of night;
O Light of life, O Saviour dear;
Lost and Found;
The City of God.

The *Child's Hymn* may also be had, as a broadside for schools, at the Office of the National Society: price to members 1½*d.*

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.